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Children's Record.

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THE PICTURES OF THIS ISSUE.

INSTEAD of Scripture scenes, you will find in this issue two pictures drawn from nature, and of widely different character. One is of a ship in the frozen Arctic seas, in cold, dark, dreary solitudes; the other is that of the ship of the desert, which carries man across barren seas of burning sand in the torrid zone where the sun instead of the frost king reigns and where there is drouth and desert, instead of, water, water, liquid or frozen, everywhere.

But both pictures tell of God's goodness. He fits all His creatures to their surroundings and circumstances. The seals that the sailors are hunting among the ice are fatted and furred to enjoy the cold, the camel that sways its weary miles across the desert has its feet padded by nature for its toilsome march and its stomach so arranged for carrying a supply of water that it can go for days without drinking. Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

SCENES IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.



YOUNG missionary writing from the New Hebrides to a paper in New Zealand says:—"We have just been hearing horrid stories of heathen cruelty from all around us. A young mother, in a neighboring village, about a fortnight ago, buried alive her infant son. The wee thing had not been well, I suppose, and cried a good deal, and so the youngsters of the village said they did not want it and told her to kill it.

So they made a hole and buried the wee thing alive, not heeding its cries.

Last week, when speaking to a man and his wife about their children, they quietly and unblushingly confessed to having buried one alive, adding as a reason that it was a girl-- 'It was a girl you know.'

Our immediate outlook is not bright just now, as it is the *sing-sing time*. One has been running its tedious length and doing vast harm fully three months, and has at least two months more to go. This keeps away most of our scholars, still a few come; and one at least has *professedly* given up heathenism. He is a nice boy, and we trust God will guide his feet into the truth, the light. Pray for us."

When you think of the love and care that has blessed your lives and the safety and peace and joy that you have had, then thank the giver of all good for the difference between you and these heathen children.

Not more than others I deserve,
But God has given me more.

Then remember, that you can all *do* something to make their lot happy like your own. It is to save little children from such deaths, and their fathers and mothers from such sin, their whole life here from the misery that shadows it, and the life to come from a darker misery, that our missionaries go to heathen lands and that you give your cents and dimes and dollars to send them, and your prayers to God to help and bless them in their work.

"Hear the cry of heathen nations
Come and help us ere we die."